

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 41.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

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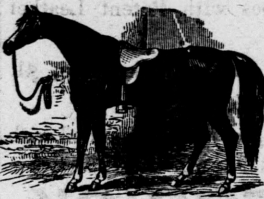
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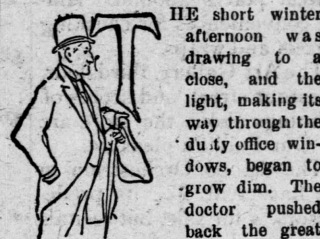
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The Doctor's Office-Boy

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.



HE short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and the light, making its way through the duty office windows, began to grow dim. The doctor pushed back the great book before him on the table and looked over it at the open grate beyond, where the fire had died down to a mass of dull-red coals, and an unsightly quantity of ashes was distributed over the hearth.

The office chairs, except the two or three in constant use, were undeniably dusty, and the carpet, despite the awkward but vigorous efforts at sweeping that had been expended upon it, was neither bright nor tidy. The doctor's thoughtful eyes scarcely took in these details; his meditations were of something else; but it occurred to him, vaguely, that the place wore a dreary, unhomelike air.

He was thinking of a pair of brown eyes and a grave, sweet face. Such vision might have made the old room seem bright, but that the eyes had of late grown so shy of meeting his, and the face so calm and cold when it chanced to encounter him. He did not wonder at it particularly. "Thirty-five years old, and grown dull and plodding from a life of early care and hardship. What should draw her to you, Maxwell Casey?" he questioned, a faint smile at his own folly flitting over his lips for an instant and losing itself under the heavy mustache. Suddenly a rapid, noisy step sounded upon the stairs, the door was pushed open and closed with a slam, and a fresh, young voice called out breathlessly: "Hello, Uncle Max!"

"Well, Joe?" responded the doctor quietly, unmoved by the invasion. Joe entered without a doubt of his welcome. He tossed his cap, and a few books bound together with a strap, upon the table, drew a chair to the hearth, and elevated a pair of small feet upon the fender.

"Auntie muddy, though? Got 'em that way runnin' 'cross the street to get lost tag from Tom Snyder. Did it, too! He couldn't get any from me—no, sir! Say, Uncle Max, this is not much of a fire!"

"My office boy don't half-attend to it," said the doctor, raising his eyebrows. "Ho!" laughed Joe. "I think you ought to have a study 'up on old bones and all that. I'll come myself one of these days. Wish I could do it now; I'd be home more fun, than school is," he added wistfully.

The doctor surveyed him from the toes of his muddy shoes to the top of his curly head—no great distance—and laughed softly as he saw the air of conscious ability to fill an office, with which he drew himself up and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"What's 'ome of my jacket-but-ton?" asked Joe, fancying that he read that question in the glance bent upon him. "Why, some of 'em tore off, that's all. What does go with 'em, Uncle Max? 'Cause ma's always askin' me and I don't know. B'lieve they jest tear themselves off every time I'm havin' fun and a'n't watchin'! Oh! look here! We're goin' to have a splendid time some of these nights, I tell you!" exclaimed Joe, forgetting his perplexities in a sudden blissful remembrance.

"There's a lot of us fellows—we're a band—and Tom Snyder's got a kettle-drum, and Bill's got a—oh a trumpet, that's what it is; and one of the boys says he can get his father's old bass-viol. We've got a flag, and some of the fellows has torches—real lamps on poles, you know—and some of 'em'll have lighted sticks. We've had it run in backyards ever so long, and now we're goin' to march some night and have a procession, only we haven't any name for us yet. Tom wants it 'Snyder's Cavalry,' 'cause he's captain, and he always wants every thing named for him. But I'd like something about the torches in it—'Light-Bearers' or 'Torchers' or something."

"Torchures" would be a very appropriate name," commented the doctor, awakening from his reverie in time to hear the last sentence or two, and recollecting the din that had reached his ears on various evenings of rehearsal. "Would it?" questioned Joe delightedly. But Uncle Max relaxed into silence and walked away to the window.

be living in a hurry; and the place with all its elegance, never seemed to have a cozy, family air, and so had little attraction for him.

Joe returned these infrequent visits with compound interest, and spent a good deal of time at the office; partly because he was neither ornamental nor convenient at home, and there was a comfortable feeling of safety in having him with Uncle Max, but chiefly because it was his own sweet will, and he could talk and ask questions there to his heart's content, even though, as in the present instance, not half of them were heard or answered. Joe certainly did not consider the room either dreary or lonely, but then the doctor had scarcely thought about it until lately himself. He had not known, either, how much he had been thinking of the quiet, earnest young musician, and how thoughts of her had brightened every place for him, until her growing reserve and distant politeness had awakened him to consciousness. And she had fancied he might annoy her with his persistence, perhaps! No fear of that. He was not so vain as to think himself irresistible, nor so selfish as to press even his love upon her, if that love could not make her happier, he said softly to himself.

"Burglars!" remarked Joe. "Eh! what?" demanded Uncle Max. To be sure, Joe had been talking almost incessantly for the last ten minutes, but he had heard nothing of it until that rather startling word attracted his attention.

"They've broke into a good many places about town, and carried off lots of things," pursued Joe. "I guess they must be pretty rich by this time; and they don't care about folks bein' about either; they just put 'em to sleep. How do you'se pose they do that, Uncle Max?"

"Oh! I don't know," responded the doctor carelessly. Relieved that only burglaries in general were under discussion, and that neither his brother's house nor the bank had been robbed, he was far less interested in any marauder's boldness than in considering Edith More's shyness and constraint when she had called with a message that morning. She would never have come to him, he was sure, only that the unsuspecting old lady who sent her would swallow no other doctor's notions, and Edith was too tender-hearted to refuse so slight an act of neighborly kindness. How quick she had been to assure him, when he promised to be in the office on her return, that it was of no consequence! If only he could leave the powders for her, that would answer quite as well. It was almost time for her to come. What if he met her, and spared her a part of the long walk? It was out of her way, he knew—so well he had learned the round of lessons.

Joe was still deep in the subject of burglaries. He had explained to his own satisfaction how, "water dark, they carry lanterns that'll shine, or not shine, just as they want 'em; to and they wear stuffed shoes that you can't hear no more'n a cat with mittens on. And, anyhow, you can't tell who they are, if you do see 'em, 'cause their faces are covered with—with—oh! what is it they put on their faces, Uncle Max?"

"On their faces?" repeated Uncle Max, pondering another question—Should he go or not? Would there be any danger of his failing to meet her? "Yes; what they cover their faces with, you know?" pursued Joe.

"Cover their faces with? Why, veils—brown veils, generally," added the doctor a little absently, thinking of a certain brown one that would be fluttering about the street somewhere now. He decided to go.

"Such as women wear?" queried Joe. "Why, yes, of course; it's always women that wear 'em." "Is it?" demanded Joe, quite excited by this new item of information. "I didn't know that."

"I'm going out for a little while," said the doctor, drawing on his overcoat and taking up his gloves. "If you will stay here till I come back, I'll walk home with you."

"Well," said Joe contentedly. "And if any persons come, try to keep them till I get back; it won't be long."

"Isn't any danger of any one comin' here is there?" asked Joe, looking somewhat startled. "Why not?" laughed Uncle Max, noticing only the words. "You are not very complimentary, Joe. Do you think I'm so poor a doctor that it wouldn't be worth while for any one to stop here?"

on fresh fuel, and soon had a bright, dancing blaze that sent its cherry light into every corner.

"That's more like!" he soliloquized, perching himself in an arm-chair, and setting his chin meditatively between his hands, quite oblivious of their recent contact with the coal. "Expect this a'n't so poor a place, neither. Heard him say that white stuff, over in that jar, is one of the most valuable medicines he knew of. Cost as much as diamonds mebbe, and he's got a lot of it. But if I was goin' burglarin' I wouldn't steal no such nasty tasin' stuff, Ugh!"

A soft rap at the door interrupted him suddenly. He started to his feet, and, after an instant's hesitation, ventured a rather uncertain "Come in!" He had not heard the light step on the stairs, and that surely was a suspicious circumstance. When the door opened, it revealed a lady, which was more suspicious still, and she wore a brown veil—that was the most suspicious thing of all. Joe didn't at all like the appearance of things.

"Is the doctor in?" asked the stranger pleasantly. Joe retreated a little as she advanced, and responded succinctly, "No'm." "Will he be back soon, do you know?" questioned the visitor.

"Guess so—more long. But he's deadful strong, and he carries all his money in his pockets," replied Joe discouragingly. "Ah?" the lady looked surprised—disappointed, Joe thought, and he volunteered another dissuasive remark: "I'm awful hard to get to sleep."

"Are you sure you are wide-awake now?" asked the visitor, half-laughing, but with a puzzled scrutiny of his face. "Bet I am," affirmed Joe promptly, winking hard to convince himself of the truth of his assertion.

"I wonder," murmured the lady, if the doctor didn't leave anything for me. I thought I should find what I wanted if he had gone out."

Joe's eyes opened round and large; he changed his position uneasily, and did not feel at all certain that he might not be getting drowsy in this perilous state of affairs. The lady's glance swept the room, and as it rested respectively on the precious white jar, Joe grew desperate.

"See here, mebbe you might find something real nice in the other room!" he burst forth eagerly. "Doctor leaves lots of things there sometimes."

"Does he, so that people can get them when he is away? Probably he has left what I want there." Her face brightened; she paused an instant as if expecting Joe to lead the way, then asked: "Where shall I look?"

"Under the—on the table in there," answered Joe, pointing toward the article mentioned but following at a respectful distance until she was fairly within the room. Then he sprang suddenly forward, closed the door and locked it, piled two or three chairs against it, and surmounted them with the coal-seuttle.

"There now!" he cried excitedly. "Open 'em!" demanded the lady's equally excited voice from within. "Such a joke is very, very rude! What do you mean?"

Sunlight Soap

Flowers flourish in the Sunlight, which brightens and gladdens everyone, and cheers up the tired housewife by relieving her of the terrors of the old time "wash day," bringing brightness and comfort into the home and making her happy and cheerful.

Less labor Greater comfort

Our Woman's Column

CHILDREN should be taught to eat everything that is passed to them," declared a hospitable matron whose young sons and daughters brought frequent guests of their own ages to her table. "I have been really annoyed sometimes," she continued, "by having my good food declined by these young friends of my children. One boy came to lunch with us unexpectedly the other day when our staple dish was corned beef. 'I never eat corned beef, thank you,' he said, when the maid was about to change his plate. Potatoes were passed and he shook his head. 'I don't care for mashed potatoes,' he answered when I pressed him to take some. Rice shared the same fate, and the only thing that he deigned to take was a corn fritter. Desert was no better, 'I never eat puddings,' was his ultimatum. As that was all that there was on the menu there was nothing to do; but it made me thoroughly uncomfortable, and I told my son afterward never to ask that boy to the house again."

With a little management it is very easy to teach children to eat nearly everything, and, in any event, they can be told to accept what is offered without comment, even if they eat only a few mouthfuls. Overfastidiousness is almost as bad as greediness, although the latter tendency should certainly be discouraged. "Now, Johnnie," said the mother of a clamorous youngster of six as he was about to go to a child's party, mind you do not ask to be helped first like a naughty, rude boy," and despite his promise she saw him depart with considerable misgivings. On his return home she inquired anxiously about his conduct. "No, dear mamma," replied her angel, "I did not say, 'Help me first,' like a naughty, rude boy, I said politely, 'Help me first, if you please!'"

"I have been young and now am old," said one of the charming middle-aged women of the period, whose looks belie the baptismal register, and who rather enjoy arrogating to themselves the wisdom and experience of age. "And I have reached that period of life," she continued, "when I can look back and see results and note how seldom those who are born with silver spoons in their mouths, as the saying is, have the silver fork when they are grown up. When I look back and remember who were the jeunesse doree of my youth—the men whose lives and positions above all others seemed particularly enviable and desirable—and then look about me and see how few of those who were called men of pleasure in those days have attained an honorable and useful middle age, I feel that I can preach a sermon to my boys and their friends with object-lessons that ought to make it very impressive. Some are poor, having spent health and substance, like the prodigal, in riotous living. Even those who have apparently not suffered in purse or health are a set of discontented, blasé, weary worriers, who go over the same treadmill of fashionable existence year by year without pleasure or profit."

"Another thing I have noticed from my vantage ground of a lifelong experience is that, if only as a purely worldly maxim, honestly certainly is the best policy. Many a brilliant man I have seen who has destroyed his prospects by the crooked ways in which he sought to better himself financially, politically, and even socially, whereas if he walked honestly before all men he would have gained the world's good opinion, and in many instances the very things he coveted. And finally there are the young married couples of my youth. In nine cases out of ten those of my friends who married poor young men, and who gave up the luxuries of their homes to prove veritable helpmeets to the men of their choice, are now almost without exception prosperous, and in many cases wealthy, while those men and girls who married for money are, as a rule, greatly in want of it. 'Be good and you will be happy' is the old maxim, and certainly it seems true from a materialistic as well as from a religious point of view."

Settling It Forever. This is a year to close that question (the two silver question) forever. It can be so determined this year that it will never present itself again in your lifetime or mine. A sweeping and impressive majority against the combined opposition will do it. And nothing else will. Not a bare majority, but a mighty one, placing the party of national honor in control of every branch of the government, will do it. Anything sort of that will leave the question to further dispute. Let us settle once for all that this government is one of honor and of law and that the national reputation nor lawlessness can find root in our soil or live beneath our flag.

How Wage Earners May Suffer. This unsupported assertion of Mr. Bryan, without any attempt at proof, contradicted by all history, is the only basis he urges for a change of the money standard. There is a further answer to this assumption: If the free coinage of silver will raise it to \$1.20 per ounce in gold, then the gold standard is all right, because the silver standard is all right, because the price of silver is not raised to \$1.20 per ounce by free coinage and the dollar under free coinage simply passes, as Mr. Bryan says it would pass, at its billion value, and its billion value would remain as it is today, viz., at or about 63 cents, then Mr. Bryan admits that he cheats every wage earner, every man who has any life insurance, every savings bank depositor, every holder of a policy of insurance or benefits in a benefit association, every holder of a fire insurance policy, and every one indeed of the various forms of creditors who make up the large majority of the people of the United States.—From a Letter of Congressman Cowan (Dem.) of Maryland.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

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McKENDREE DOWNHAM,
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FREE COINAGE SIXTEEN TO ONE.

The people of the United States number about seventy millions. To transact the public business for this vast population certain things must be done. As everybody can not do these things, they must be entrusted to some individual or to some department of the general government. So we have the postoffice, the navy and all the other departments of the general government.

These seventy millions of people must have money to effect their exchanges and to transact their business. The coinage of money is by the constitution reserved exclusively to the government and, under Congress, is under the supervision of the secretary of the treasury.

To facilitate the coinage of gold silver and metal money in all forms, there have been established United States mints, where gold and silver are coined into such pieces as are from time to time prescribed by Congress through its coinage laws.

These mints are large and expensive establishments, equipped with costly machinery and operated by expert workmen. Heretofore a revenue has been derived from the coinage of gold and silver, which has inured to the benefit of all the people, who may be said to be stockholders in these great manufacturing plants. Under various acts of Congress heretofore passed, the secretary of the treasury has been directed to buy and coin many millions of ounces of silver. He has been permitted to buy silver in the markets of the world at its lowest price on the day of purchase.

When the silver was bought it was held in bars (stored in the treasury vaults) or coined into dollars, the silver in which cost all the way from 90 cents an ounce down to as low as 47 cents an ounce. This silver when coined into dollars was issued at 100 cents in a dollar, the government taking the difference between what the silver bullion actually cost and the 100 cents at which the dollar coins were put into circulation. Thus far these dollar pieces have been maintained in trade at par because the pledge of the United States government to redeem them in gold (maintain them at a parity with gold) has been behind them. The silver dollar has actually had in it 90 cents or 55 cents or 47 cents worth of silver (according to the actual bullion value) and 10 cents or 47 cents or 55 cents worth of United States government credit. This credit has been used sparingly and judiciously and the dollar has passed and now passes at its face value—for 100 cents, or sixteen ounces of silver are worth one ounce of gold. Up to the present limit the government has maintained the parity between gold and silver at 16 to 1, and the profit from our mints has inured to the benefit of the people.

Only a small percentage of our seventy millions stockholders have been producers of silver, and as the producers of silver have heretofore sold their silver bullion to our mints at its market value, and they, as stockholders, along with those who are not engaged in producing silver, have reaped indirectly their proportionate share of these profits, we who are not producers of silver have not objected, as we are getting through the mints a handsome profit which goes into the treasury and thus saves taxation. Our managing agent (the secretary of the treasury) has exercised his discretion in not coining all the silver bought. A few hundred million dollars' worth of silver bars have been piled up in our vaults uncoined. It lies there now waiting a demand. It has not been coined because there was no demand for it, the coined silver dollars have been shoved into circulation as rapidly as the banks and the people would take them.

So far so good.

Now it is proposed to operate our mints free, to coin all the silver offered by the whole world and to stamp 57 1/2 grains of silver "one dollar" and to back it up by law and make these pieces legal tender for all debts public and private at one hundred cents to the dollar, without regard to the market value of the silver in them. In other words, the few who are producers of silver are to be guaranteed by law a dollar, whether the stuff they bring to the mint to make the dollar is worth ninety or fifty-three or forty-seven cents or any other sum. The machinery and labor of our mints are to be given to these producers without remuneration to the other stockholders who do not produce silver. We who do not produce silver are asked to agree that, in trade and exchange between ourselves, it shall be forced upon us by law, and that we bind ourselves to accept it (by the purpose of legal tender act) at its face value stamped on it in the mint. But it is not proposed to coin free all silver produced in our country and by our citizens at 16 to 1, but to coin free all Mexican silver, all China silver, all Japan silver, in short, all the silver that can be induced by "free coinage" to flow to our mints and to use our national credit to lift it from about 31 to 1 up to 16 to 1. Where do we who are not silver producers come in on this deal? We are asked to give the silver mine owners the free use of our mints with their expensive machinery and expert labor, to manufacture a debased coin that is really worth in the world's markets approximately fifty cents. We are also asked to bind ourselves to accept it for one hundred cents. Is this not counterfeiting by law?

To make the free silver proposition plain, let one man represent a million citizens. Then seventy men would stand for seventy million people. These seventy men organize a corporation, and build, own and operate a money factory and go into business. After the factory is built and equipped, and has been operated at a profit, seven out of the seventy stockholders get control of the staff out of which the money is made (the silver mine). They come into a stockholders' meeting and propose that our factories shall be run free, and that their stuff shall be taken without charge and be made twice as valuable as it was before it came to the mint, and that all the seventy stockholders endorse it and guarantee it at its enhanced value and agree to bind themselves by law to accept it at the arbitrary value stamped on it at our mints without expense to the seven.

To make the proposition more monstrous still, they propose that we extend this same favor of "free coinage" and "legal tender" to everybody else who is producing silver and who will bring it to our money factories to be coined free. Why not bind ourselves to double the price of the wheat, corn, oats, barley, shoes, clothing, in short, everything we produce and everything produced in the whole world? * * *

If a half loaf is as good as a whole loaf, if a half cent is as good as a whole cent, if a half shirt is as good as a whole shirt, if half pay for labor is as good as whole pay, then perhaps the sixty-three stockholders who are not raising silver will consent to try this experiment, and we will see how soon civilization can be wrecked on a theory. If we accept, and by law force everybody else to accept everything else that comes out of the earth? The farmer has as good, perhaps a better right, to get a dollar for fifty cents worth of silver?

Common sense, all history, all experience, teaches that "as you increase the product you decrease the price." It is so with wheat, with potatoes, with cotton, with wool, with agricultural implements, with electricity and electrical appliances, and it must be so, and it is so, with the precious metals.

The free silver proposition is not an experiment. It has been tried in different ages and by different countries, and it has been "bound wanting," and it has reduced the people who tried it to want.—Col. J. M. Davidson in Union Signal.

SHALL IT BE LOST?

The opportunity of Republican victory in Delaware. Our friends, the enemy, were never so hopelessly divided and without any enthusiasm in their campaign, and indeed they are not making what may be called a campaign. Party division within the Republican ranks is the only barrier standing in the way of Republican success. On Tuesday next Oct. 13 tickets must be filed with the Clerks of the Peace for the official ballot and after that date no compromise can be effected. No candidate can be elected by cutting tickets. Without a single State ticket only the McKinley and Hobart electors can win. Action must be taken at once or the party suffers a needless defeat. Will Republicans suffer this, with at least 95 per cent. anxious to win. This is no time for harsh words, but it is a time for plain speaking. We believe one man stands between the Republican party and victory. It is humiliating to acknowledge that condition. The man is J. E. Addicks. He has deprived the State of the services of a Senator and has it within his power to defeat the party in the State. This is spoken not in a harsh sense but as a plain fact and it is only because so many Republicans have submitted to his dictation. We know that many of his political friends favor a compromise but he has said "I will never compromise" and so far his will has stood. It is because of Mr. Addicks' assumption as a dictator that so many men would never vote his ticket though it was the only one. We believe they are numerous and independent enough to defeat what they feel is an audacious attempt to rule Delaware by one man. No power, no argument, can change them with the present Addicks attitude. Already the Regular Republicans have patriotically withdrawn their electors to assure the State to McKinley and Hobart. Is the patriotism of Republicans all on one side? If so, then party patriots can afford to yield no further to men who must rule or ruin. If not, then two days remain for action. Will Republicans throw away their chance of victory? On Thursday night in this town Messrs. Hofferker and Willis were appealed to as to what can be done to unite the party. The great advantage of electing a Governor and the universal desire to defeat Mr. Handy were referred to. Editor Roberts answered "Vote the whole Union Republican ticket." "But that means defeat." And yet the answer came, "Vote the Union ticket" which means go to a defeat. This is not the sentiment of all Union Republicans for many of them are longing to win. Can it be done?

We hesitate to offer the suggestion that is within our minds because we do not wish to presume anything, but it appears to us that the proposition said to have been made by Mr. Willis that all the candidates withdraw and that the matter of nominees be referred to an equal committee from both sides. It is a shame to defeat such men as Higgins and Hofferker, or to slaughter Willis and Houston. It would require self-sacrifice on the part of candidates to step aside, but there is more patriotism and nobility of character in making the sacrifice for party than to carry it to defeat. The yielding cannot be all on one side. It will not be. The Addicks people say "Let us forget the senatorial contest." Then let the convention of May 12th and St. Louis be also forgotten, and with a representative from each side let a united party march on to victory. It is late and

some voters would probably be lost that might have been held with earlier action but united we can yet win. This appeal is made as the sentiment of Republicans generally. If it falls upon unheeding ears then the people should hold the parties refusing as responsible and should vote accordingly. If it is still "Addicks or nobody"—and we believe Mr. Addicks is the only man in the way of a fair compromise—then Republicans must be slaves and yield, or they must be freemen and assert themselves. Shall the opportunity for victory be thrown away?

REPUBLICANS, NOT FACTIONISTS.

"There are three Republican papers—the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, PENNSYLVANIA NEWS, and SMOKE SIGNAL, that seem to be gloating in the prospect of defeating the Republican ticket at the election next month. They do not stop at Mr. Addicks (in the Legislature where alone he can reach his ambition) but go for the Governor, Congressman, and most of the other names on tickets."—Smyrna Times.

"Bryan just suits me." It is the way a former Republican, but now a prohibitionist, put it a few days ago. He is a Christian gentleman, who neither uses intoxicating liquors or tobacco; I can vote for him with a clear conscience. If governed by the same requisites, the gentleman can also go for Mr. Addicks. —Smyrna Times.

The above are samples of the political work indulged in by our esteemed, valued and respected co-temporary which for all of the forty-two years of its existence that we can remember has from policy adopted what it calls an independent course, not, however, the independence that leads men with political convictions to express them. We have no quarrel with Brother Hofferker, nor intend to have, and acknowledge that his policy is the one that pays offending nobody, and in view of this fact we submit that his criticisms of other editors whose honesty of purpose he cannot doubt are to say the least rather presuming. The Peninsula News has battled manfully for the Republican cause for years without regard to revenue, and so have the Transcript and the Transcript only for a shorter time, and the Times has no right, no cause, to say that any of these papers or their editors are "gloating in the prospect of defeating the Republican ticket." Not a line can be quoted from the Transcript to prove such a charge. Indeed we have said the kindest things personally of the candidates, at least of such as the Times has a special interest in excepting Mr. Addicks. We have said nothing against Mr. Addicks personally though we do think the Times goes to a trifling extent in calling him a "Christian gentleman" and for that reason suggests to its friends that they can "go for Mr. Addicks." The Transcript has discussed these matters guardedly and dispassionately, having no desire to give offense, and we have invited the Times and other papers to a criticism of our position but the answer is usually little paragraphs, mere assertions, like the above. Why did not Brother Hofferker tell us whether or not he condemns Mr. Addicks for depriving Delaware of the services of a United States Senator? We asked him that question. Why did he not answer our article last week showing that New Castle county is justly entitled to the candidate for Governor, not having had a candidate for 30 years and yet constituting three-fifths of the Republican vote of the State? Is not Mr. John C. Higgins a Republican worthy the vote of any other Republican in the State? When the Transcript and other papers advocate his election do we "gloat" over the possible defeat of any other man? We believe that Mr. Higgins will receive more votes for Governor than will our relative, the relative of Brother Hofferker, for each of whom we have the greatest respect. But one thing will change this matter—the lavish use of Mr. Addicks' money. Should this be done it would not change the principles that control our votes. We want to say here and now that it is not the votes of the "Regular" Republicans that will defeat the party, if it is defeated, but the surrender of so many men to the dictation of Mr. Addicks who proclaimed himself the leader of the Republican Party just after the adjournment of the General Assembly on May 9th, 1895. That surrender has been so complete that Mr. Addicks dominates his entire party. We have but to point to his conventions to prove this. Does Brother Hofferker approve of the treatment the Republicans of New Castle county received at the State Convention on May 12th? Every right of the county was trampled on, and because we stood up for those rights we are accused of trying to defeat the party. We are trying to save the party. We regret that we do not see eye to eye with the Times in this matter but we can see that Brother Hofferker has a "note" in his eye and we should like to remove it. In his paper this week he refers to the county tickets nominated last week as the "Kent Higgins Ticket" and the "Smyrna Higgins Ticket," knowing that among the adherents of those tickets are the closest friends Mr. John H. Hofferker ever had, men often-called as "Massey men," and the Times should know that it appeals to prejudice and not to facts when it classes men as factionists. We are not factionists but Republicans and yet hope to see a victorious party.

Champion Shot of the World. Miss Annie Oakley writes: "Myself and many of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Co. have given Allen's Foot-ease the powder to shake into the shoes, a most thorough trial, and it does all if not more than you claim." It instantly takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Allen's Foot-ease, is a certain cure for swollen, hot, aching or sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olinsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Brown's Cottage School. The following pupils have attained an average of 90 per cent for the month of September. Nettie Bender, Albert Cook, Ben, Louise Cochran, Minnie Smith, Daisy Bender, Carrie Conk, Ethel Sparks, Grover Bender, Clarence Donovan, Elwood Padley, Earl Manlove, Joe Bailey.

KENT COUNTY.

Edward Palmer, a fisherman, was drowned last Saturday at the mouth of St. Jones' creek while longing for oysters.

Bowers' Beach, the popular Kent County resort, has been purchased by Sithens and Dove, of Hot Springs, Ark., and it is said they will remove all the old buildings, put up new, establish electric light, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Marvel, of Delmar, having issued bonds for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Fannie M. Marvel, to Mr. Benjamin R. Cabbage, of Haverhill, son of Levy Courtman B. C. Cabbage, of this county. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride's parents, Wednesday, October 14, at noon.

OLD SUSSEX.

Edward Lancel, a 14-year-old lad, who attended the circus on Saturday, attempted to imitate the clown's acrobatic performance, Sunday, and broke his neck, and is dead.

Georgetown has most certainly had her share of conventions this year, having had two conventions to secure a non-partisan Constitutional Convention, 1 Democratic county convention, 2 Republican county conventions, 1 Republican state convention, 1 prohibition county convention and the single tax, gold bug and woman's suffrage convention.

MY MARYLAND.

The rolling mills of the McCulloch Iron Company at North East which have been in the hands of receivers for nearly a year have shut down.

Worcester county followed the example set by Cecil and has a candidate for the whipping post. The culprit will receive 20 lashes for wife beating.

E. R. Gunby, the Republican candidate for Governor of Florida who was defeated at the State election held on Tuesday, is a native of Crisfield.

Governor Lowndes has appointed Mrs. Margaret H. Jamar, wife of Dr. John H. Jamar, of Elkton, one of the Delegates to represent Maryland in the National Flower Convention to assemble at Asheville, N. C., Oct. 21 and 22 to select an emblematic flower for the Nation and the State.

The second trial of Thomas Brown for the murder of his brother-in-law, Samuel Rash, of Centerville, is in progress at Denton. At the first trial last May the jury failed to agree, and the accused man, claiming that he could not have a fair and impartial trial at the Queen Anne's bar, the case was removed to Caroline. It is a case of wide spread interest. The murderous shot was fired, at night through the window of Rash's house and the dying man charged the crime to Thomas Brown.

—Mr. Jacob Thomas, of Washington county, this year, off 15 acres of peach land cleared something over \$500. The first crop in five years. This seems a good yield. If this land had been put in wheat and corn alternately the profit for all five years would have been, with fair luck, about \$150, but in his case the land is not good for anything but peaches. The total shipment of carloads from the Peninsula the past season was 6,040 carloads. The latter run of the Maryland and Delaware crop came in with the best varieties of Western Maryland crop, and while the peninsula product brought from 20 to 30 cents the Western Maryland peach sold for from \$1 to \$1.25.

CURRENT EVENTS.

—Dua Murier, Author of "Tribly" died in London on Thursday of heart disease.

Senator Gorman, of Maryland has come forth at last and taken the stump for Bryan a Free Silver.

The vote in Georgia on Tuesday resulted in a Democratic plurality of 40,000 a loss of over \$1,000 from the record of '92. William Y. Atkinson was elected Governor.

The suffering of the people in several counties of Florida swept by the terrible storm of last week, is appalling and immediate aid is solicited to prevent starvation. In Baker county the farmers have lost their cotton crops just housed and ready for market, every church and school house in the county was destroyed and the people are without shelter, or food and many lacking even a change of clothing.

The Car and Carina of all the Russias visited the French Republic this week and the visit is the greatest event of the year in France; an international festival unmatched in splendor and display and popular enthusiasm. (The Russian Emperor has been taking a tour among the courts of Europe, and is the first of the European Monarchs to officially visit France since she became a Republic, and in that act he recognizes her as the peer of any power in Europe.

Preparing for the Convention.

The Delaware State Christian Endeavor Convention will be held on the 28th, 29th and 30th of the present month at Smyrna, where people have long had the name of being royal entertainers. An expedition will be made in this case for the young people are determined to surpass any previous accomplishments, and, accordingly, the local committees, long since formed, are pushing the preparations for receiving probably the largest and best convention of this character yet held in the State. It behooves each society, therefore, to elect at once a representative delegation.

It would be a favor to the Smyrna Societies to have the names of delegates sent as early as possible. Presidents of Societies and Corresponding Secretaries can do a courteous thing and save considerable trouble by sending this information to Miss Eunice B. Anthony, Smyrna.

Reduced Rates to Washington, D. C.

via Pennsylvania Railroad. The National Encampment of the Union Veterans Legion will be held at Washington, D. C., from October 14 to 17, and for that occasion the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged to send excursion tickets to Washington and return from all stations at a single fare for the round trip. The tickets will be sold on October 12, 13 and 14, and will be good for return passage until October 25th, inclusive.

Half Fare to Washington, D. C. and Return.

On account of the Annual Encampment of Union Veterans Legion, to be held at Washington, D. C., October 14-17, the P. & O. E. R. will sell excursion tickets to Washington at one fare for the round trip from all points on its lines. From Philadelphia, Wheeling, Parkersburg and points east thereof tickets will be sold October 12, 13, and 14, and will be valid for return passage until October 25th inclusive.

Kelley's \$4.50 For \$2.50.

30 DAYS SPECIAL.—For 30 days only, we offer you the following bargain lot of strictly pure and standard goods: 5 quart bottles pure California wine (sherry, port, catwalk, blackberry and Rhine), one quart bottle pure rye whiskey, (five years old) and one bottle extra quality champagne, and the whole lot, 7 bottles, goes for \$2.50. The honest market value of which is \$4.50. No other house can give you so much value for your money, at the one and only reliable, Family Liquor Store of James A. Kelley, S. W. Cor. Fifth and Shipley Sts., Wilmington, Del.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Oct. 5, 1896.

If you've really seen the collection of Autumn Dress Stuffs at Wanamaker's, rest content. The exhibit is unequalled in any other store in the world. But it isn't seeable at a glance. The heart of the store is filled with Dress Goods—twenty-three sections. And even then the stuffs take turns at occupying points of vantage. Daily visits are necessary if you would keep in touch with this store.

Rest places abound. Ample conveniences for checking parcels and wraps.

The Art Gallery, third floor, Chestnut street, and scores of paintings about the store are for our Public's pleasure.

The \$4,000 Orchestra in the Basement, like its predecessors, is for sale, but recitals are given during the morning hours.

Type-talk cannot do justice to the display of Dress Stuffs. But we've made the seeing so easy and comfortable that you only need the hint to come and enjoy the feast of beauty.

There's no questioning the fact that no other store shows equally great stocks; there's no questioning the more important fact that good taste—skilled and trained good taste—governed the gathering. And prices are fair.

It isn't unusual to find the Wanamaker price 50c to \$1 a yard less than charged elsewhere for equal goods elsewhere.



Twenty-three sections of the store are devoted to Dress Stuffs. Helpful hints follow. The only disappointed visitors to Wanamaker's are those who don't take time to see all.

The Dress Goods Salon holds high-art novelties; rich stylish stuffs with an air of exclusiveness, and stuffs for evening wear. Some inexpensive stuffs are there, too.

Genuine English Cheviots, 46 in., 70c colorings of German Homespuns, 44 in., \$1.00. 4 colorings of French Homespuns, 44 in., \$1.00. 4 colorings of Scotch Homespuns in light mixtures, 46 in., \$1.00. 6 colorings of English Flaid Cheviots, 46 in., \$1.75. 8 colorings of Bannockburn effects, 46 in., \$3. 15 colorings of Tailor Cheviots, 46 in., \$1.25. 4 colorings of Sail Cloth Cheviots, 45 in., \$1.25. Five colorings of Panama Cheviots, 48 in., \$2. 4 colorings of Basin Sackings, 46 in., \$1.75. 5 colorings of Tailor Tweeds, 51 in., \$1.75.

Crossing Main Aisle you come to these groupings—

Section 1—Contains moderately rough fancy-colored goods from 75c to \$1.50 a yard.

Section 2—

A wide range of materials—Covert Cloths, Whippoorhills, Two-toned rough Cheviots, Boucle Cheviots, Silk-and-wool Sharkskin Coverts, Scotch-mix Fancies and Mixed-colored Cheviots. \$1 to \$2.50.

Section 3—

Two-toned and solid color goods—Granites, Hopacks, Pebble-cloth, Serges, Cheviots, Alma, Pique Corda, Wool Surah. 75c to \$1.75.

Section 4—

Solid color and Boucle—Wide-wale Diagonals, Storm Serges, Cheviots, Homespuns, Two-toned Hopacks, Plain and Two-toned Boucles, Cravenettes, Shower-proof Serges, Pique. 65c to \$1.50.

Skip a dozen sections, to the

CLOAKINGS.

The gathering is a revelation of loom-beauty. A hint of the prices—

Light Fancies, Boucle Plaids, \$1.75. Two-toned and Plaid-back Cheviots, \$1.75. Crochet Plaid-back and Fancy Cheviots, \$2. Knickerbocker Boucle Cheviots, \$2.50. Two-toned Capricious curl Cheviots, \$2.50. Multi-color Boucle Cloaking, \$2.75.

Solid Colors—

Luster Wood Cheviots (ripple weave), \$2. Wide-wale all-wool Cheviots, \$2.50. Caterpillar-weave and Boucle effects, \$2.50. Mohair-curl and Figured Boucles, \$2.50.

Silk Fancies—

One of the new costings (in black) is silk faced with mink-skin figure. The first season for them and exclusive for us in this market. They have become popular in their first introduction. Two qualities. 50 in. \$4 and \$5.

Astrakhan.

Only the English is safely good—though we're sorry to have to say it. Most lustrous, most durable.

Black Astrakhan, \$2.50 to \$4 a yard. Grey and Cream at \$3. Brown at \$2.50 and \$4. Persian Lamb (black), \$7 and \$8. Kermans, green, brown, red, black—\$1.50 to \$2.50 a yard.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Boys will be Boys!

We've the sort of Clothes here that are wear resisting. They're built for boys—made natty but made strong and priced so small you'd think we meant the knee pants alone and not the whole suit.

Boys' Clothing.

\$2.50 in many styles of Cloth; both plain and fancy colorings, from 4 to 15 in Children's Fancy Short Pant Suits

\$3.50. All-Wool Fancy Cheviots in fancy patterns, double breasted coats, age 4 to 15 years.

\$6.00 buys Young Men's Blue Cheviot Double Breasted Suits, good heavy all-wool, made in an excellent manner and right up to date.

\$1.50 buys Blue Cheviot Suit, age 4 to 15. The smaller suits have deep Sailor Collars and braid trimmed.

Worth \$2.50.

15c Suits. One lot 2-piece Suits, age 4 to 12 years, at 19c.

Suits marked 75c to \$1.00.

32c Suits. One lot 2-piece Suits, age 4 to 12 years, at 32c.

Suits marked \$1.25 to \$2.50.

95c Suits. One lot 2-piece Suits, age 4 to 12 years, at 95c.

Marked up to \$4.00 a suit.

5c Pants. One lot Knee Pants, aged 4 to 8 years, at Five Cents.

5c Shirts. One lot Men's Work Shirts 5c.

Children's Long Coats.

Two to six years old, made of elegant Fancy Mixtures trimmed:

At 99c the \$1.50 kind. At \$1.25 the \$2.00 kind. At \$1.70 the \$2.50 kind. At \$2.29 the \$3.50 kind. At \$3.47 the \$5.00 kind.

Children's Shoes.

Children's Pebble Grain School Shoe, White Oak Soles.

Size 5 to 8 49c, worth 65c. Size 8 1/2 to 11, 50c, worth 75c. Size 11 1/2 to 2, 75c, worth \$1.00.

Children's Fine Dongola Kid Shoes, with Patent Leather Tips, Pointed Toes, 49c, worth 75c.

Children's Crack Proof School Shoes, will wear like iron, \$1.

LADIES' CAPES.

Fine Circular Cloth Cape, with shaping of same, trimmed with Cluster Buttons, Velvet Collar. At \$294, worth \$4.

J. B. MESSICK.

Strawbridge & Clothier

LINE—Our showing of these goods is wonderfully complete. The purest linen from the best manufacturers are here in delightful variety:

BLEACHED TABLE LINENS—60 to 90 inches wide, in forty different qualities and over 250 different patterns. Prices range from 50c to \$2.50 per yard.

CREAM TABLE LINENS—in all widths, 36 to 60 inches wide, in 100 different patterns. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$18.00 per doz.

WASHES—several bargain lots, that cannot be equalled elsewhere. Worth \$2.50 and \$3.50 per dozen, at \$2.00 and \$2.95.

LINEN SETS—fringed, at \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

HEMSTITCHED LINEN SETS—\$5.00 to \$26.00.

HEMSTITCHED TRAY COVERS—25 cents to \$1.00.

PRINTED DOVIES—round and square, all sizes.

HEMSTITCHED LINEN COVERS—for washstands, bureaus and sideboards, 50 cents to \$2.00.

Mail orders receive prompt and accurate attention.

Strawbridge & Clothier

Philadelphia

Another Cut!

Still Lower Prices!

Our Closing Out Sale

Has greatly lowered our shoe stock, but we still have a good number left, and to make them go the faster we have made ANOTHER REDUCTION in the Prices of from

20 to 25 Per Cent on the Pair.

Offering better chances than ever to get valuable goods at the Lowest of Low Prices.

Ladies' Shoes.

New and Popular Styles, that were formerly \$1.50 to \$2.00, and more recently sold at \$1.25, are now all

Put at \$1.00 the Pair.

SHOES that were \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, now 75c. CHILDREN'S SHOES that were \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, now 50c and 75c.

Neck Wear.

This Season's Styles. Excellent Quality. A Big Assortment. Regular Value 25 cents each. To be closed out at 15c, or 2 for 25c.

STONE JARS. We have a choice lot of Stone Jars and Earthen Crocks and Jars suitable for pickles, vegetables, etc., which we will sell at very Low Prices.

J. A. REYNOLDS,

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